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ON
"POINTS"

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

SUCCESS
THROUGH
QUALITY

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PUNCH

JULY
14
1943

Vol. CCV
No. 5344

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Player's Please





'OVALTINE' mixed Cold provides everything you could desire in a summer drink. It has a creamy deliciousness all its own. It is coolly refreshing, revitalising and restorative. In fact it possesses all those exceptional health-giving qualities which have made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage.

For this reason Cold 'Ovaltine' is an ideal supplement to light summer meals. In the most pleasant of ways it provides proteins, carbohydrates and other nutritive elements required to build up strength, energy, nerves and the necessary vitality for fitness. Make it your constant stand-by.

'Ovaltine' Cold is easily and quickly prepared. Just add 'Ovaltine' to cold milk, milk and water, or water only and mix thoroughly with a whisk, or in a shaker.

Ovaltine MIXED **Cold**
is Delicious-
Refreshing- Energising

P594A



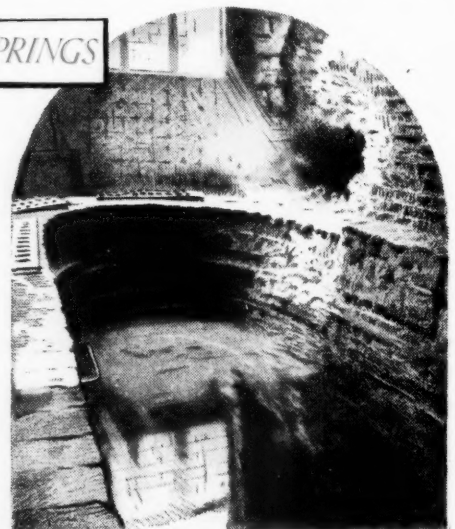
The Name
VENUS
Still stands for
Quality in Pencils

In wars of olden days, Venus—goddess of love—became known as Victrix or Victory. Thus did the ancient Romans transform their symbol of perfection—just as we do today. Despite wartime control of supply and manufacture, the new 'Utility' and 'War Drawing' pencils produced by Venus conform to the highest possible standard of quality.

The Venus Pencil Co. Ltd., Lower Clapton Road, London, E.3

FAMOUS SPRINGS

Roman Bath in the Adelphi, London, constantly fed, since the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, by Spring water from the nearby Holy Well. Charles Dickens took "many a header" into this bath, as recorded in 'David Copperfield.'



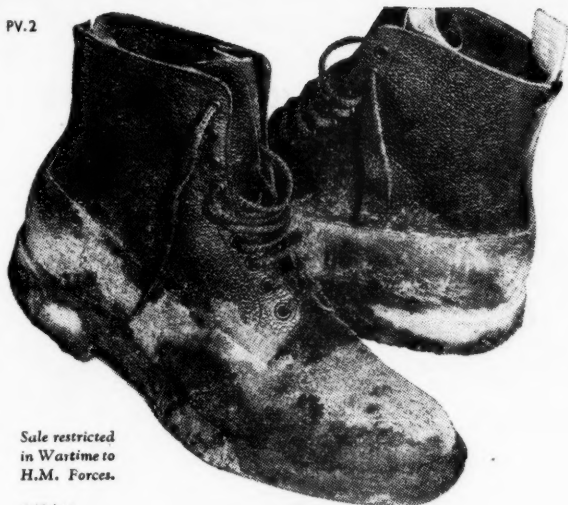
HERE is a long-lasting Spring, nearly 20 centuries old; maybe good for another 20 centuries! In the realm of Steel TERRY Springs have a comparable longevity, for Terry's Research Department have raised the design, manufacture, and safe stressing of Springs to the level of an exact science. With 88 years of specialisation behind them, Terry's are always ready to co-operate with designers and users of all classes of Spring-operated mechanisms to achieve maximum efficiency

TERRY'S
for **SPRINGS**

FAMOUS
FOR SPRINGS
& PRESSWORK
SINCE
1855

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., REDDITCH, ENGLAND. Also at London • Birmingham • Manchester

PV.2



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

2/8/41.

I bought them during the last war, in 1917. They have served me loyally in various parts of the world whilst engaged in somewhat arduous duties in shipyards and dry-docks, on locomotive footplates, and on civil engineering contracts,

LOTUS
Veldtschoen
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

HARRODS

*Specialists
in
Uniforms*

**FOR
HIS MAJESTY'S
FORCES**

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



Halex

Regd. Trade Mark

toothbrushes

*stay springy
longer!*



HALEX make the
best of both brushes

THE RISKS THEY RUN



This is a message of grateful acknowledgment to the Royal Navy, the Merchant Navy, and all those who go down to the sea in ships, for the risks they run in bringing their precious cargoes to these shores. Once here it is our bounden duty to see that they are not wasted.

Amongst the thousands of tons of goods daily pouring into the country, Timber has its rightful place. This, then, is a message to all those who must use timber for the repair of houses, the construction of sheds, huts, fencing, etc. "All timber must be protected with the best wood preservative available." Solignum Wood Preservative has been meeting this need all over the world for over forty years. Government requirements make a heavy demand on our resources, and will continue to do so until the end of the war, but Solignum is still available for essential purposes.

Solignum Ltd., Donington House,

SOLIGNUM

Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2.



Take a glass of sparkling Pimm's,
Hidden ever and anon
In a merciless eclipse.
Take a glass of sparkling Pimm's,
Raise it ever and anon
To your pair of thirsty lips.
Should the Pimm's be non-existent
Be a little more insistent
You will find some by and by . . .

*With apologies to W. S. Gilbert—
and to all who at times are dis-
appointed by the wartime scarcity of*

PIMM'S NO. 1 CUP
The original Gin Sling

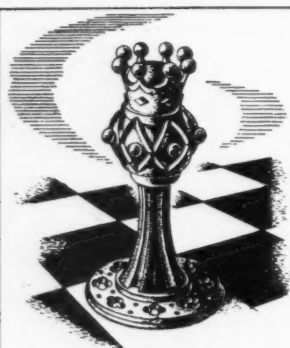


*A wine that has all
the character & bouquet
of those fine vintages
which gave to Port its
Historic vogue*

**CHAPLINS
CONCORD
PORT**

Fourteen and Six per bottle

CHAPLINS  ESTD. 1867



Fit for a Queen!

SENIOR'S
FISH & MEAT PASTES

**BEAR BRAND
HONEY**



**THE
PREMIER BRAND**
Honey is rationed
with all preserves
and distribution is
accordingly limited.
We ask you not to
be disappointed if it
is difficult to obtain.

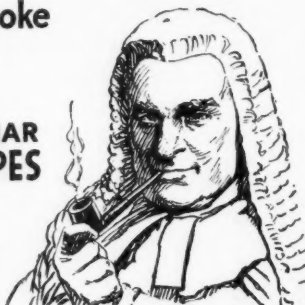
L. GARVIN & Co. Ltd.
Branch: The Bear Honey Co.
Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

All shrewd Judges smoke

Orlik BRIAR
PIPES

Find the shape and style of an
Orlik pipe that suits your fancy—
and you can be sure that every-
thing else is just as you would
wish. Orlik London-made pipes
are obtainable at many Tobacco
shops. Ask for them by name.

L. ORLIK LTD., LONDON, E.C.1
Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure
light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out.
Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



Wherever the elegance and correctness of tableware must be
above reproach, there, frequently enough, you will find that
Minton China has been chosen. And justification for that
discerning choice grows still more evident through the years.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD. · STOKE-UPON-TRENT · EST. 1793

KENT Best British Brushes



Men's Military Model

Made in England

KENT-COSBY
HYGIENIC REFILLABLE HAIRBRUSH
(PATENT)

- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS
- KENT "STIMULATOR" BRISTLES FOR SCALP MASSAGE

It's Worth Waiting for!

ALSO WOMEN'S MODEL WITH
"ALLURE" PERFUME FEATURE

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 222 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

**I BELIEVE YOU
LOVE YOUR MURRAY'S
MORE THAN ME!**



MEN who smoke Murray's Mellow
Mixture won't give it up for love
or money! It has a flavour all its own.
Murray's is scarcer now—but keep
on asking! 2/8 an ounce.

**MURRAY'S
MELLOW MIXTURE**

MURRAY, SONS & CO. LTD., BELFAST



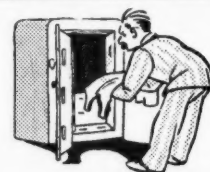
3d. each

including Purchase Tax

—their efficient service is unbeat-
able. The clean, comfortable
shaving of Eclipse Blades (now
in the popular slotted pattern)
amply repays the persistence
needed to obtain them while
supplies are limited.

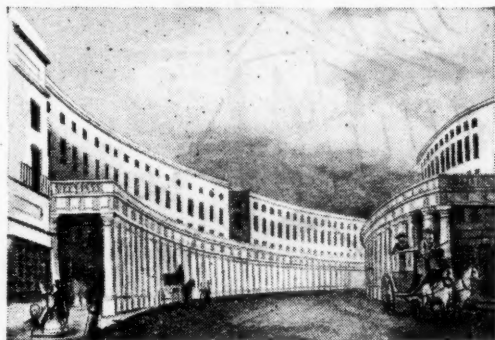
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JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD



*Treat with care
for longer wear!*

AERTEX



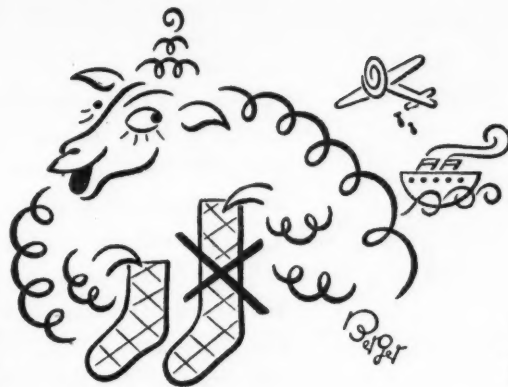
Metropolitan Improvements

John Nash had to bear a good many jokes in his day; in propriety and amenity his houses are often sadly deficient. But he made amends magnificently, with his splendid sense of what was due to the town and its people as a whole! His work is a challenge and stimulus to those who will undertake the stupendous town-planning of the post-war era . . . huge undertakings in which Celotex hope to take an important part.

CELOTEX

Insulating Boards and Acoustic Tiles

Celotex Ltd., N. Circular Rd., Stonebridge Park, London, N.W.10



"The shorter sock," Matilda said,
"Is favourite with the Fleet.
The Admiral declares they're trim,
The Snotty says they're neat.

Come, Patriots, save precious wool,
For shorter socks go in!
And thus speed up that happy day
We march into Berlin."

Wolsey

Pedigree Pets DOLLS AND SOFT TOYS

P.S.T. LTD. London



A British Empire Product

"Can't teach an old dog new tricks"
says OLD HETHERS



"Can't you? I've learned a few since lemons and oranges went off the market. You see people will have Robinson's Barley Water and since it can't be supplied in bottles because of the war, I've gone back to my first love and I'm now making my barley water from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley in the tin. It's as easy to make as a cup of tea and just as good as the bottle kind. True the flavouring is a bit difficult, unless you can get lemonade powder, but necessity's the mother of invention and I use just a spoonful of juice from stewed or tinned fruit or a little honey or jam. Perhaps you know a better flavouring?"

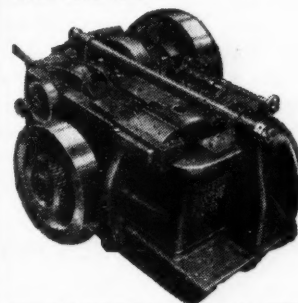
Barley Water made from
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY

Bumping 'em off!

FAST PRODUCTION OF MACHINE-MADE FORGINGS WITH THE "GREENBAT"

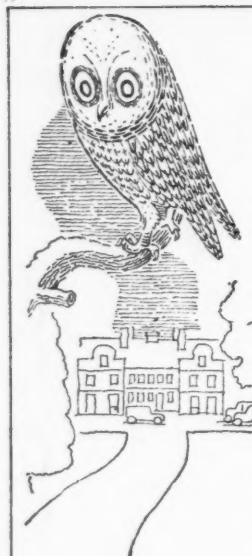
The "Greenbat" Hot Forging Machine will turn out smooth, well-finished forgings, needing a minimum of machining allowance, and it will perform at a high rate. It shows considerable production economies, tools are simple, inexpensive and can be changed quickly.

The size range of "Greenbat" Hot Forging Machines in bar capacity is:—2 in., 1 in., 1½ in., 2 in., 2½ in., 3½ in., 4½ in.



GREENBAT
HOT FORGING MACHINES

GREENWOOD & BATLEY LTD.
LEEDS • ENGLAND



"Things aren't the same since the Military took over the place," says Oswald the Owl. "There was only the Master's car then . . . now it's trucks and carriers up and down my drive night and day. Yet the surface is as good as ever. The Master knew a thing or two when he had it done with Colas." When Peace returns to the Gardens of the world, there will be Colas products again to make paths and drives trim and durable.

COLAS PRODUCTS LTD., 5-6, CROSBY SQUARE, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.3
PHONE: AVENUE 5331 GRAMS: COLASFALT STOCK, LONDON



By appointment to
H.M. King George VI

PRISONERS of WAR ROYAL NAVY H.M. FORCES OVERSEAS (INCLUDING INDIA)

DUTY FREE CIGARETTES & TOBACCO

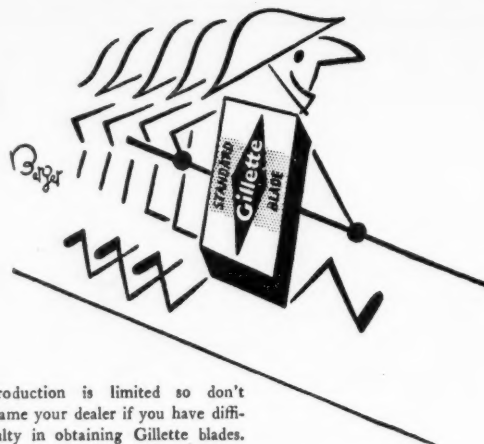
cost the sender less than quarter of the ordinary prices. Packed in vacuum tins they ensure arrival at destination in perfect condition. Supplies bought over the counter are not suitably packed to stand up to hot climates, so ask your tobacconist for DUTY FREE particulars and he will arrange to despatch a single parcel or, if desired, a standing order at regular intervals. In case of difficulty write to us. All that is necessary is to send us the rank, name and full address of the member of H.M. Forces (or Prisoner of War, as the case may be) telling us what to send and enclosing P.O. for the appropriate amount indicated below. The parcel will be despatched immediately on receipt of your instructions, including a greetings card, with your name and address as sender.

EXAMPLES (Prices include postage)

	Prisoners of War		H.M. Forces Overseas and the Royal Navy	
	4 oz.	8 oz.	4 oz.	8 oz.
FOUR SQUARE TOBACCO (Yellow, Green, Brown or Purple label)	2/-	4/-	2/9	4/9
(Red or Blue label)	2/6	5/-	3/3	5/9
FOUR SQUARE CIGARETTES	150	200	150	200
	4/-	5/4	4/9	6/2

FOUR SQUARE *Tobaccos and Cigarettes*

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD. FOUR SQUARE WORKS PAISLEY SCOTLAND



Production is limited so don't blame your dealer if you have difficulty in obtaining Gillette blades.

Into Action. Man-power in blades is restricted so treat your Gillette "Standard" Blades as carefully as you did the Blue and Thin Gillette and the 7 o'clock blades they have replaced. They're the best shave you can buy.

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.



Until then . . . Back from a prisoner of war camp . . . the joy of reunion, peace and home again. Until then, for many a British prisoner of war a Red Cross and St. John food parcel is a frequent reminder that he is not forgotten. The Red Cross and St. John need your spare pennies that this and other good work may continue. If you, employer or employed, would like to help by starting a Penny-A-Week Fund please write for details to:—

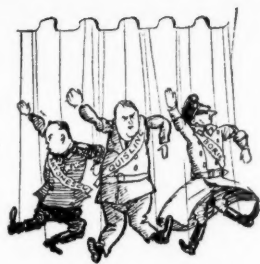
RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND

in support of the Red Cross & St. John Fund
(Regd. under the War Charities Act, 1940)

BRAMSHILL, EVERSLEY, nr. BASINGSTOKE



INSERTED BY FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM.



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCV No. 5344

July 14 1943

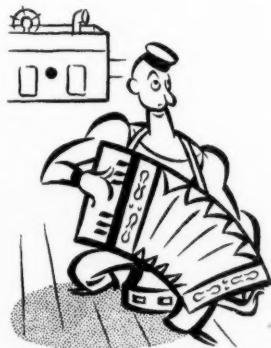
Charivaria

A SERGEANT-PILOT who in civil life was a rent-collector was welcomed on his leave home by large crowds. On this occasion they took no evasive action.

Whale meat is becoming popular on the west coast of the U.S. The war reverses everything—including the story of Jonah.

Since the fall of North Africa dried fruit has been very scarce in Germany. Although there is no shortage of invasion dates.

A Hollywood film actress always carries a camera with her. Recently she suddenly turned on a press-photographer and photographed him not photographing her.



"There are few people" asserts a psychologist, "who really know themselves." Some of them are to be congratulated.

We learn on good authority that in future the sirens will be sounded in the Ruhr district when hostile aircraft are not in the vicinity.

According to a doctor, playing a wind instrument strengthens the lungs. Not always. Playing a piano-accordion strengthens the biceps.

A journalist claims that he once saw Goering play cricket. When he came out to bat the umpire signalled a wide.



An author has lost the manuscripts of some poems in a tube train. Still, they should know their way home by now.

"— 7d. Family Size 1/11½
Incl. Tax. Not effective in Euro."

Advt. of Antiseptic.

Something in the air, perhaps.

Hitler once declared there were no islands. Mussolini and Tojo have never gone so far as that, although they are beginning to admit that there are fewer than there were.

An actress in a touring revue is said to wear twenty-two dresses at every performance. And at the rate of nearly one at a time.

"Rome Radio now prefaces its broadcast in English with: 'This is Italy calling—the cradle of world civilisation.'"—*Sunday Express*.

And, as the R.A.F. will agree, the hand that rocks the cradle...

It is reported that a German general was prevented from making his escape out of the Reich. Strange! Other generals have received every assistance, culminating in a state funeral.



A London hairdresser has made a study of chins. He recently shaved one of rock-like contour, and its owner refused a shampoo, singe and massage and gave the bewildered barber a dead certainty for the 2.30.

A chiropodist has been engaged to treat members of a provincial police force. This is known as having due regard for the ends of justice.

More About Basic English

COME back this day to *Basic English*, because there seem to be many people now who say "We will have an easy tongue of which men from other countries may have knowledge with ease. Thus all men in the earth will be able to make statements in the *English* tongue and have love for *England*. There are only eight hundred and fifty words in *Basic English*, and there are no verbs but come, get, give, go, keep, let, make, put, seem, take, be, do, have, say, see, will, and send. Nor in the list which I have here do I get any word for *me*. Nor for *my*, *our*, *we*, *us*, *him*, *his*, *her*, *they*, or *them*. This makes things not easy for I. But I go forward in the simple hope of a free *Englishman* who will let no dangers stop the road. All the words in this bit of writing be *Basic English* except the words which I have put in *italics*. So, if you go on, you will see.

A man from an other country will not come to this country, when he gets use of *Basic English*, and say "I am hungry. I will go to a *restaurant*, *hotel*, *public house*, *inn*, *tavern*, or *refreshment room*." But he may say "I be hollow. I will go to a place where the people get food for money and I will take a meal." He may not say "Give me *beef*, *mutton*, *chicken*, *bacon*, *asparagus*, *sausages*, *rice*, *lettuce*, *beer*, *gin* and *wine*," for the men have no names for these things in this tongue. But he may say "Give I cow, sheep, fowl, pig, strange substances which are put in skins, green foods from the garden, grass, grain, potatoes, bread, and drink in bottles, cups, and buckets. Then the stomach I have will not be hollow but full."

He may then say "I will have butter, eggs, sugar and oranges, if you please." And do I not wish that he will have some?

If the man who lets the man have food makes the question "Will that be the idea of humour that you have?" the man from a far country may say in answer "It will. So what?" and he can say "Make quick motion. I do be about to go to the pictures when I have put an end to the meal which I will have. Put a sock in it, please." When he goes to the pictures he can go by train, carriage, or cart, but he can not go by a *bus*. If he will go by a *bus* he will say "I come to take a place in the line where you send people to get a machine of the street for all. You have put the boot which you have on the foot which I have. There be a bad pain in the toe which I have. I will give you a great push in the face if you go on as you go now. Get off this foot, you great green monkey, you." These words will give much help to the man.

It keeps strange that there are so many long words in *Basic English* and not only short words. So that the man from an other country may say "The Government of this country seems to be good. The people have much organization, expansion of industry and political control. The men here have many committees and the representatives of the nation seem to be responsible, electric, important, full of authority, beautiful, bright, chemical, fertile and tall. How happy the history! All have harmony, law, development, distribution, music, weather, insurance, mist, rain, transport, science and art. It seems sad that such men have so little experience of sun."

When he says these things many times to all the people that he makes meeting with, the man will get much love, and the Government, when it has hearing of what he says, will give to the man trousers, praise, buttons, umbrellas, office, society, attention, nuts and cigars. And there will be hope that when he gives ear to the apparatus by which men

have knowledge of the news in this country he will now have learning of the tongue, and the authorities will make it simple for he.

The man who gives reading of the news at night will say "This country's machines which go by air, and have in them instruments which make a strong burst and a red fire, were out over *Germany* this day. These do much damage and destruction to military buildings and property, when the instruments come down. And here be one of the men who be sent to go by air to say to you the story. 'I take off and see much cloud for a long time, but when I come to be over the place where the flight will go the roofs of the town seem very clear. The other side send many things up at the machine I have, but I keep on and make the attack, and let down all the parcels which I have, and oh young male child, do I see much smoke, and have I the hearing of a loud noise?'"

No. I be wrong. I let the tongue take too much grip of the words I say. I make discovery of the word boy in *Basic English* after all. And I make discovery of the word girl. I make discovery of the word kiss. These things will let the man have learning of the motion pictures the words of which be in the *English* language, for I now make discovery of the word language, and the words pleasure and poison, and the words hot and rhythm, and mother, and family, and flower. It may be that the system of *Basic English* will have more use for peace, when peace comes, than for war. I make no discovery of *tactics*, nor *strategy*, nor *armour*, nor *pincers*, nor *counter-offensive* in this language.

But it be a very beautiful language. The earth will have great pleasure in *Basic English* when the war be over and the peoples of all the nations can make the sword turn to a plough and the engines of destruction give place to the ornaments of order and quiet living (it seems sad to I that there be no word for *life* in this tongue), and when a chance comes again to have pins and pockets, and sponges and shirts, and curtains, and fish, and drawers, and comfort, and soap and cheese. If you take a list of all the words of which I have made use here and let your memory get hold of them you will find that you have a rough grip of the delicate *Basic English* language. If you be a man who comes from an other country, make a start on *Basic English* now. It will do you good. But I have found it hard and I have great pleasure, in which many will take part, that this bit of writing be now come to an end.

EVÖE.



MR. PUNCH is happy to take the opportunity to present his compliments to Major Bernard Fergusson (lately in the news as a member of the Wingate expedition in Burma), whose work appeared many times in these pages between 1933 and 1939; and to the *Harvard Lampoon*, whose May issue bears an imitation of Mr. Punch's cover and contains an editorial of very kindly reference to him.



THE EAGLE AND THE SUN



"I see your point, Mrs. Omega. Actually, though, I think you should have come with the Os."

H. J. Talking

DECKING my wife with jewels is what from time to time I do. When the time for this arrives there are certain unmistakable signs, among such being the steady increase in the amount of raw flour worked into meals and in the frequent and thorough washing of my hats. Over a period of years my wife has acquired quite a large collection, including thirty-six yards of pearls which resembles, when on, a very wide Sam Browne and so many rings that as well as covering her fingers she has them sewn on her dresses like small handles. She owns a gold nugget which fits into the small of her back when she is in evening dress, being fixed in position by adhesive tape. She has also several heavily jewelled hat-pins which she uses to keep her tiara in place.

One of her gems has the reputation of being unlucky and is known far and wide as the Baneful Brilliant. It belonged originally to a tea-planter in Assam who was converted by a book of G. K. Chesterton's and tore up all his tea plants, replacing them with vines, which were not successful. It then passed to the owner of a public house in Cardiff whose customers subscribed to buy him a cuckoo clock. One day some Licencing Justices were passing when they heard the clock perform, and, saying that he was providing entertainment, at once took his licence away. The next owner was a bearded lady, who, within three days of wearing the jewel was not only clean-shaven but bald, her hair coming out at such a rate that she tripped over it as she

walked. I took considerable trouble to get the Baneful Brilliant for my wife, but in the contest between them she won, it losing its lustre and having now a forlorn and dejected appearance.

Mrs. Oscar's boy called the other evening to tell us he was shortly opening a wine kitchen, and left us with a copy of the following prospectus:

THIS IS A PROSPECTUS

WINE KITCHEN, contemplated opening of, *re.*

There has been evident a demand for this round and about lately. I am intending to meet this demand. I am of age, considerably so in fact. I shall probably open next Tuesday, and where I shall open will be 477A Approach Road and that, strangers will need to know, is not really far from the tram terminus.

In my wine kitchen you will find the following: Chairs, tables, somewhere to put hats and coats, a lady called Mrs. Blackwood who will look after them, a pair of antlers once used by an elk, good friendly service, four etchings (three of Pompeii and one of John Greenleaf Whittier), wine and a stove used to cook the wine, if required.

Glasses will be free, but the proprietor's name will be clearly marked on them. Guests can bring music but it may be played only by the resident string quartet. For those wishing solid food baked jam roll will be provided. Prices of wine will depend on the size of the portion served and the kind of wine (white, red, fizzy or local), plus a supplement for each year by which the wine antedates the year of consumption.

ROLL UP: THIS IS A CHEERY HOLE: BE BACCHIC

One trouble is that Mrs. Oscar's boy can serve wine only at certain fixed hours, and not wishing to leave his kitchen unused between them and perhaps a prey to damp, he is intending to use it for lectures and meetings. Already he has arranged for a series of six discussion talks on Figures of Speech and a conference on the After-Care of Youth, to be addressed by the Director of Education and the chairman of the Old Age Pensions Tribunal.

What put Mrs. Oscar's boy into the frame of mind where a wine kitchen is what one opens was the discovery of a flaw in an annuity he had bought. This annuity promised to pay him an income provided he did not live too long. He bound himself to commit suicide at fifty-two, hoping that when he reached this age the contract would be declared void as against public policy; but the company got in first and had the contract so declared themselves, this preventing him from suing them for the purchase price.

At this point B. Smith took a hand in the litigation, not that he was asked to but he believes that friends are there to be helped and that true friends will find that such assistance merely strengthens the bond. He began by getting up a controversy in the press on "Should you say Centenary or Centenary?" and when he had drawn a wide range of writers into this he began an oblique attack on longevity as such. He pointed out that the more old people there were the more almshouses would have to be built, and this would divert labour and materials from the construction of trunk roads and thus do harm to the motor car industry. He next proceeded to argue that the true Englishman would prefer suicide to euthanasia, a form of State interference and therefore obnoxious to individualists. He was advancing steadily towards the real issue when a millionaire wrote starting a fund for building almshouses in ferro-cardboard sections which could easily be assembled by the aged themselves.

What is a Railway Station?

SOME time—oh long, long ago, before the fall of Tunis and Bizerta, I read in a paper about a munitions plant in Australia so large that it contained "three full-size railway stations"; not could have contained them, but actually did. Since then I have been wondering at odd moments what size a full-size railway station might be. When does a station become full-size? Clearly a Halt is not a full-size station, and equally clearly Snow Hill, Birmingham, is; but the critical stage of transition from one to the other is not so easily perceived. Can the answer be deduced by the exercise of pure reason?

We had better state a proposition.

A Halt is not a full-size railway station; in fact it is not a railway station at all.

Why not?

The outstanding feature of a Halt is that it exists on one side of the line only. There is of course a platform on the other side—that could hardly be avoided since otherwise people could only arrive at the place and never depart from it, a terrible thought. Or rather they could not arrive at and depart from it in opposite directions, and this is a privilege upon which for some incalculable reason the human race insists. But apart from its platforms the Halt is essentially unilateral.

The platforms of Halts are made of wood and simply stop dead at each end instead of sloping off gently to ground-level as proper platforms do. At least my impression is that they stop dead, though there may be one here and there in the shires that boasts declivities. The important point is their woodenness, upon which I insist. Moreover, because of their construction, you can see beneath them and might even, if in holiday mood, crawl underneath from end to end—a quite impossible feat at Liverpool Street or Southampton West. The planks of which the platforms are made are the colour of very old creosote and wear towards their front edge the remnants of a white line, put there perhaps for the purpose of some forgotten game or ritual. There may or may not be a roofed building on the platform, but if there is it has only one door and that is always locked.

You can always tell a Halt in *Bradshaw* because all the columns show a blank against it except one which says ^{11 45}† Ordinarily you have to turn over eleven pages to find out what † means, but for convenience the relevant part of the Notes column is reproduced here. Not that it matters. The thing I want you to notice is the lateness of the hour. Trains only stop at Halts after dark, as anybody who has done any real travelling knows well enough. It's probably snob-bishness. Though when they do stop they make a job of it.

Another thing about Halts is that there is no bridge over the line.

We are now in a position to state a few of the characteristics a railway station must have before it can be said to be anything better than a Halt.

A railway station is not a railway station unless:

It has a roofed structure on either side of the line.

The platforms are made of stone or other non-vegetable matter and bend down at the ends.

It is sometimes unlocked for the purpose of obtaining access.

Drivers are not ashamed to bring their trains to a standstill at it in daylight—and for the purpose, moreover, of taking on passengers, not merely getting rid of them.

People can't crawl about under the platforms.

Passengers must cross the line by the foot-bridge.

This is well enough as far as it goes, but we still don't know what a full-size railway station is. We must now ask:

What is it that a full-size station has that an ordinary second-rate station hasn't got?

Is it a:

Refreshment-room

Book-stall

Siding with buffers

Waiting-room

Chocolate, cigarette and emergency handkerchief machine

Turntable

or what is it? Is it the possession of more than two platforms? Is it a little electric engine for pulling luggage about?

I don't think any or even all of these things will do. There are plenty of stations with refreshment-rooms, book-stalls, waiting-rooms, sidings (with buffers) and quite elaborate slot-machines which nobody but a man beside himself with local patriotism would call full-size. Would the addition of a turntable make all that difference? I cannot believe it. And as for platforms, there are stations of no importance to anyone that have plenty of platforms simply because they happen to be near a terminus and you've got to do something with all those lines. Look at Vauxhall.

Is it anything to do with the personnel? Could one say, for instance, that a station with more than six porters was full-size? Well, you might, but that would rule out Paddington and King's Cross and Waterloo and all those.

The stationmaster?

Of course all stations have stationmasters but there is a difference in degree. At very small stations the stationmaster does everything, because there isn't anybody else to do it. You can see him at it in his shirt-sleeves. At slightly larger stations, he sells tickets on Joe's day off and does a bit of label-pasting for favourite customers. Further up the scale he limits himself to greeting old friends and helping the guard to get the more expensive-looking trains safely out of the station. And there you are. Go any higher than that and you never see the man at all. Have you ever, honestly, set eyes on the stationmaster at — or —?

Here it comes, then:

A full-size station is one at which the stationmaster does no work whatever.

I understand, however, that the three positions in Australia are already filled.

H. F. E.

Warning

"Buyers will find Lustrous Germs direct from the very interior of Persia."—*Carpet advt. in S.A. newspaper.*

Beverage Report

"Two hundred ships left British ports this month carrying machines fit to drink."—*Sudan paper.*

s Alternate Sundays.

S Saturdays only.

⊖ Except Saturdays.

S Not Fridays or Sundays.

□ Bus arr. Chandler's Ford 1.26 p.m.

† Stops to set down only.

‡ Telegraph pole.

[S] See page 1134 E.

The Naked Voice

FINALLY I am moved to examine this question of the microphone. If you are not so moved, allow your eye to travel ahead, onward, ever onward until it is brought up short at last by the address of the editorial office of this publication (which an average of about half a dozen of you daily get wrong).

This matter, then, of the microphone. It is the contention of the bluffer members of the older generation, in criticism and out, and of many of the bluffer (bluffing) members of the younger generation, that there is something shameful about singing into a microphone. Let a microphone appear on the music-hall stage, where these elders were accustomed in their hot youth to see nothing but sawdust and pools of beer—if not, indeed, rushes, and the emaciated dog scooting after the flung bone—and they are ready to snarl with displeasure: "decadence" and other Nazi words rise to their lips and appear in their notices, and like Lord Alfred Douglas in his references to modern poetry they talk disapprovingly of people whose reason for doing the new thing can only be that they are unable to do the old.

This attitude of mind, it is sometimes forgotten, presupposes the idea that the new thing is not worth doing at all; whereas we all know that in this instance it is worth hundreds of pounds a week. The plain fact is that a great many people like to hear good microphone singing who would not go across the road to hear a robust unamplified baritone lifting the veins on his forehead with a skilfully modulated yell.

(Not that they would have to.)

All right; the critics' objection to this of course is that they ought not to like it, and that they ought on the other hand to admire the baritone, purely because he can be heard by the back row of the gallery, and the people picking up cigarette-butts in the bar, without the help of any mechanical amplification . . . and here we come, as all explorers of this subject infallibly do sooner or later, to all that stuff about "mechanical entertainment."

To hear some people talk about "canned music" you might suppose that no music in a film or on a gramophone record owed anything to any human agency except the men in charge of the machines. Nobody sang it, they imply, nobody played it: a few calculating and statistical personages

worked it out on slide-rules and produced it by turning the appropriate wheels, joining the right wires; no kind of æsthetic experience went into its making, and if you think you're getting one when you hear it you're crazy. All I will say about this point of view is that it seems to me just about as sensible as disapproving of the printed word only when it has been printed by rotary presses, and just about as useful as a photograph of Hitler.

Behind nearly all criticism of microphone singing (we're back with that naked voice again: hold on to your hat) there is a vaguely implied admiration for sheer physical prowess and endurance: the evidence of a delighted wonder, an awed pleasure at the sight or the thought of a barrel-chested brass-throated colossus filling his capacious lungs and letting rip fit to knock a house down. As a sheer physical feat this, I agree, requires more doing than to sing softly into a microphone so that what the people in the back row of the gallery hear is almost exactly what they would hear if they were within a yard of the singer; but does that make it more valuable to anyone who wants to hear the song?

Look at weight-lifting. (I ought to have charged you for admission to this article.) The thing about weight-lifting is to get the weights lifted; certainly, all is lost if you can see that they are made of cardboard or that they are being electrically assisted off the stage. But I don't think anybody maintains that weight-lifting is necessarily better in the absolute sense than juggling with coconuts or dancing with balloons, and anybody who insists that it is better entertainment simply means that he personally likes it better.

The difference between microphone singing and the other sort is precisely the difference between broadcast talk and platform oratory. It may be that you personally would rather hear a man bellow at the top of his voice "Mistah—Chairman, Ladies and—er—Gentlemen, As I—ah—stand on this platform—ah—here—to-night—in this place, ah—now—at the present time—ah—before you—here—to-day—" than hear (through your loud-speaker) the same man, after a slight inhalation, conversationally observe "Good evening. Well, now—" . . . but you don't have to take a high moral tone about it. Live and let live, I always say. What do you always say?

(Don't tell me.)

R. M.

The Secret of Mr. Glebe's Success

THOSE who fall in love find that once they overcome their surprise it doesn't take much getting used to.

And the same with Mr. Glebe.

On the day of his arrival a lance-corporal put his head round the door of the R.S.M.'s Office and said "There is a gentleman to see you, sir!" That shows what kind of a figure he cut in battle-dress.

I have never heard him referred to as anything but "Mr." Glebe since then.

This respect came not so much from an imposing presence as from the posts he filled. First he was "Leave Clerk." Men had to appear before him in "his office," which was a trestle table in the Quartermaster's Stores. There was generally a queue of dumbly hopeful men there, but Mr. Glebe himself would always be just arriving and spreading papers round him as though he had recently left a conference, or gathering papers up and hurrying away to attend one—he would never be doing anything for the satisfaction of the queue.

Later his neat handwriting secured him employment in the Officers' Mess, in order to make out the menu cards, to which he at once gave a Parisian touch by cutting one "N" out of DINNER, and there I think his improvements ended. In due course, however, he advanced his position by gratuitously "taking stock," and adding up officers' wine-bills, purely for his own interest as far as we knew. But he must have made some suggestion of value, for he shortly became P.M.C.'s clerk. Part of his duty then was to pay tradesmen, which he did in the snuffy manner of one whose main purpose in arriving at the shop was to take the dog for a walk.

Mr. Glebe was not a man to be confided in. Seen standing in the entrance to the mess he was not the *maître d'hôtel* so much as the plain-clothes man in a night-club, so suspicious of all who came in that we each feared some cheque of ours had bounced and that Mr. Glebe knew it.

He appeared to please himself whether he went on parade or not. If he did go he would stand in the rear rank, neatly turned out and an example to all: a contrast to the cooks and clerks who ran up half-dressed as though they had only got out of bed five minutes before.

The time came when he was due for leave. We felt sure he would set out

for the station not with a rifle and kit-bag like anybody else, but with an umbrella and suit-case.

As soon as he thought people had accustomed themselves by stages to the thought of his impending absence he made an application for permission to wear plain clothes whilst at home. There was no need to do this. Any soldier may discard his battle-dress as soon as he crosses the threshold of his home. But Mr. Glebe viewed the matter as one affecting the Army, not himself. Would the Service feel that he was in any way belittling it if he laid his uniform aside?

We wondered what style of raiment he would affect—some considering he would look best in a black jacket, striped trousers and butterfly collar; others preferring the selection of a light-grey twill, with sandshoes, and the neck of a cricket shirt turned back outside the collar of his coat.

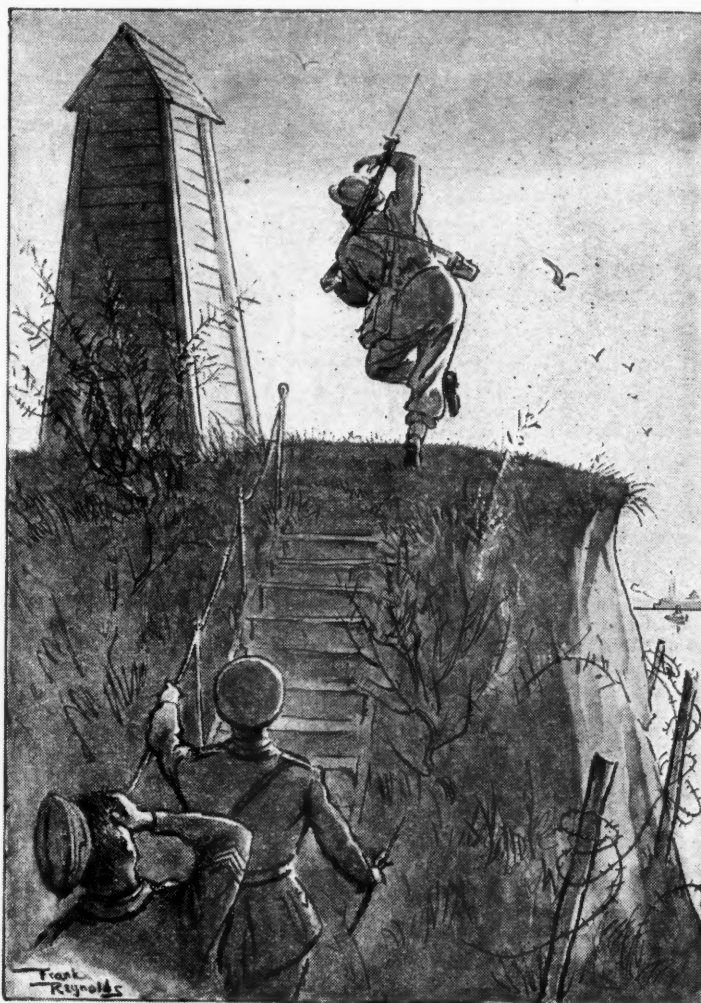
As it happens, Mr. Glebe was *seen* on his leave. He was seen by a fellow from the nearby aerodrome—who knew him as well as we did, being so often in the mess.

"I saw your Mr. Glebe while I was away," he said. "In a place called Clapham Junction. He was just looking in to see how things were getting along without him, I imagine, but when I caught sight of him I couldn't be absolutely certain it really was Mr. Glebe, so I hurried on, opened the door and looked in. Do you know those drapers, made of three or four shops of the same size joined into one—with nothing in the windows but things on cards, ribbons in rolls and women's veils and things? I think they call it 'haberdashery.' Your Mr. Glebe—in a swallow-tail coat—was standing between the counters, hemmed in by high shelves loaded with lengths of material, imitation flowers in boxes, and ornamental hat-pins on stands. You will hardly believe how he moved forward when a mere male came into the shop; he was all ready, I think, to hold a confidential conversation with me, then rap on the counter and call 'Forward—Miss Wellmeadow!' You can have no idea of the self-importance of the fellow! So now I know where he gets that manner of his when he handles *us*. He organizes *WOMEN* at sales—a thing no R.S.M. could ever do."

o o

Wishful Shrinking

"... by the third day only 55,000 troops will remain out of the invading force of 150,000 so far engaged—the first wave being reduced to only 10,000."—*Axis Forecast of Allied Invasion.*



"Oh! hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's Ball."

Smee

THE O.E.D., which ought to know,
Speaks equally of the *smee* or *smew*.

It is not much to you, but oh,
The difference to me or mew!

Alas for smew or smee, poor bird!

"To be or not to be or bew,"
So says its song that I have heard
Deep hidden in a tree or true.

Dear smew or smee, dear smee or smew,
It must be tough on you or ye
With names enough for tea or two.
You might as well be through or three.

And yet, though you might well ask
why

You struggle on as smew or smee,
"Cheer up!" you say, and do or die.
My hat is off to thou or thee.



"Why exactly do you blame the war for increasing your charges?"

The Northern Farmer—1943

WE'VE beän mäin an' throng since 'arvest töime last year, we've ploughed an' drilled an' 'arrered, wi'out a minute clear: an', Jack, yer've nattered at me, an' Ma when yer could föind 'er—yer wants another tractor, a drag, an' power-binder.

An' Ma an' me we've dodged yer, we've seen it in yer faäce that yer've gone modern-möinded, an' wants ter chaänge the plaäce.

We've 'eard tell in the loäcal—tongues wags at ten o'clock—yer'd farm on artificials, an' do awaäy wi' stock.

Yer've read them fancy paäpers—yer went awaäy to schoöl—

yer all for easy munney, an' that's wheär yer a fööl. It's nivver any good, yer know, to think wi'out yer talk—so get yer 'at an' stick, me lad, we're goin' for a walk.

Yer goin' to wed, October, I've nowt ageän the gel: a lass from Donington-on-Bäin is sewer to do yer well.

But when yer wed yer'll want a plaäce, and Top Farm ower theër is yourn wi' stock an' implements—yer mother thinks it's fair.

We'll lend yer cash till 'arvest-töime but yer must pay us back; we'll gi' yer all the fixtures, each tank an' crib an' rack:

but we've got one condition—there's yon theër Lincoln Flock—

doän't start on them new-fangled things, like farmin' wi'out stock.

Now 'eär on Scrafield Fourk yer see there's Lincoln to the west,

an' Boston Stump's theër to the south: yer'll wonder which is best.

But keep awaäy from boäth on 'em an' stick to this 'eär wold—

yer work the land yer knoäs, my lad, be 'appy when yer old.

THANK YOU

AN Officer in charge of a Comforts Depot to whom we have been able to send supplies of our wool writes:

"In a letter it is difficult for me adequately to express my gratitude for the valuable help you give us, thus enabling further supplies of knitted comforts to be dispatched to the soldiers overseas.

"I wish I were in the position to be able to thank personally all the supporters of your Fund, for I am most grateful for this aid to our work."

We also tender our thanks to all Subscribers, and in doing so beg them to continue their most valuable help by sending Donations which will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

I've lived 'ere sixty year an' more, an' learnin' every daäy; I've seen the big flocks dwindle, an' grassland chaanged to ley;

I've seen the sugar-beët come in, an' early taäters grown on land four 'undred feet top-söide an' somethin' löike me own.

I've glegged the deëp söils o' the Fens amaäking munney quick—

but one daäy, Jack, yer mark my words, that land 'll all göa sick—

an' tractors, cars, macheäns and things 'ave come in in the years;

but I löike sheëp an' barley, an' 'osses, an' long gëars.

An' 'ere's the eighty-aäcre—it's temmin' full o' corn. It's what yer 've 'ad in front o' yer since ever yer was born. Yer wants it corn agäin next year, for this 'eër crop succeëds? Yer nobbut daft to ask me—next year I'm drillin' sweëds.

Now soon I'll up and talk, me lad, on them new-fangled things—

but first I'm not distourbin' the waäy the courses swings! A sheëp's a walkin' muck-cart—I knoäs what I'm about—yer've got to put it in the land afoër yer takes it out.

The best muck's maäde at 'oäme—an' it allust will be true—the sheëp that tramples on the roots, the bullocks in the crew. The Fen men yuck two foot o' soil from bottom to the top, but yer've got nobbut inches to noërse an' grow yer crop.

So sweëds it is next time, me lad, for I'm not farmin' for a sudden profit, but for yer—in nineteen ninety four; as my owd grandad farmed for me, in eighteen eighty-eight: an' what's a 'undred year in töime to chaps prepared to wait?

But 'ere's the fifteen-aäcre now, of 'owed and singled beët: the war's the cause o' this 'ere, Jack, so I moän't get at 'eät. We've got to rob the land these days: for ev'ry ton an' quarter means all the less for säilor chaps to bring across the water.

We 'aäte the war, the lot on us, but when it 'ad to come it maäde the country realize we'd farmers 'ere at 'oäme. An' now we've forms for ev'rything: for tractors, stock an' stacks an' farm inspections monthly, an' profits göa in tax.

But, Jack, I'm sewer we're winnin', the Gaffer knoäs 'is job, an' what's it matter if we win, an' never saäve a bob? They'll maäke me do cross-cropping an' I doän't möind a bit, but when the war is ower I'm goin' to rightle it.

I'll get back to me farmin', the farmin' as I knoä: the experts may 'ave theory, but I knoäs what'll gröa. An', Jack, we're in the laäne agaäin, an' what I talked of brings me back to wheër I started, about new-fangled things.

Yer've new ideas an' new macheäns for working on the land: but doän't forget they start and finish wi' a workman's 'and. One daäy this farm 'll join the Top (remember what it grew)—look after all yer chaps, me lad, an' they'll look after you.

We've 'ad old shep for thirty year, an' gathy just as long, an' when we show our sheëp and beäst on 'Orncastle Wong, the deälers never ask the clurks whose sheëp and beäst they be: they see who's tentin' 'em an' knoä that they belong to me.

Per'aps new things are goodish, all on 'em can't be bad—per'aps the saäme is 'appenin' as 'appened wi' me dad—but shep an' gathy, wag an' me, we mebbe look like föils, but we can plash an' thatch, an' things yer doän't learn in the schoöls.

I've caffled, argified an' cussed agaën new-fangled things—I knoä yer allust thought that I was goin' round in rings—but, Jack, I'm not so daft as that: I know wi' every crop theër's summat learnt, an' learnin' 's summat as 'll never stop.

I reckon them's the bombers, an' they're hoff awaäy to-night. . . .

I'll maäke a bargain wi' yer, Jack, an' certain sewer I'm right:

I'll buy yer tractors, drags an' things, an' doän't saäy as I mock, but doän't yer ever part wi' any on yer breëdin' stock!



MAURICE M'LOUGHLIN

"... M-I-R-B-A-X—printed by Stolworthy & Sims, Lesser Biddlecombe, Herts."



"For one dreadful moment I thought you were going to accuse me of misusing petrol."

The Growing Mind

DON'T be surprised if I catch one of those things they talk about in Childhood's Problems," said Josephine as she wiped the warden's epitaph off the front doorstep.

"If you mean an inhibition, you'd no right to read that book," said I with the nervous illogicality of the fully grown. "Because it's not for little girls."

"Well, I have read it now," she said sombrely. "And it says that you should always put pencil and paper into young hands, to give them an outcome. The trouble is you've only put a pencil into mine for the last few weeks."

It was no good talking about the paper shortage. Josephine only said, with a wild look in her eye, that the spare bedroom paper would do very well; there was plenty of room between the poppies to write a serial story, if I really objected to poetry on the doorstep.

Now the quickest reply would have been to take away her pencil, but I am haunted with the thought of all the things Josephine will tell the psycho-analyst about me when she is forty-five or so. Then I remembered my diaries.

People often gave me diaries in peacetime and I never had the persistence to write up one to the bitter end. At the close of every month or so I would fill in gaps with items such as "Dance with Squiffy," which were completely untrue but would give the casual snooper the idea that I was a debonair sort of girl. So it happened that I had several completely empty ones which I handed over to Josephine.

After a peaceful interval she came to me with the beginning of a story and a dissatisfied look on her face. It read: "Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess with January the First hair like a golden penny and slow black eyes. Many January the Second princes wished to marry her but she was January the Third not interested."

It was a bore, but I saw her point. So I said with metallic brightness, "Why not write a real diary?" Josephine said that she could hardly write up this year in an old one, but I, thinking of the wallpaper, was inspired to suggest that she should write her whole life from the year when she was born. And this idea went down fairly well. She began: "I was born on the above date in a little wooden hut on the Thames Embankment while my gay and talented mother was singing her heart out at the Paris Opera House."

Actually it can't have been quite like that as I can't sing, but I didn't dare say anything. She is now covering the pages at an alarming rate. She has described in detail how she learnt to walk, talk and tie bows, and has exhausted two diaries already.

Whether I am more concerned for my bedroom wallpaper or the impression the psycho-analyst will get of me in thirty-five years' time is what I now have to decide.



THE LION SPRINGS.

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, July 6th.—House of Commons: Sees the Trees.

Wednesday, July 7th.—House of Commons: Finance Again.

Thursday, July 8th.—House of Commons: Our Secret Weapon.

Tuesday, July 6th.—It was Mrs. THELMA CAZALET KEIR whose womanly gentleness was shocked by the seemingly hard-hearted custom of the House of Commons of ignoring the deaths of its Members. She persuaded the authorities to have each passing recorded by a simple dignified statement by the SPEAKER, telling of the Member's death, placing on record the regret and sympathy of the entire House.

To-day the SPEAKER, standing by the Chair, announced the death in an air-crash near Gibraltar of Mrs. CAZALET KEIR's brother, fellow-M.P. and inseparable companion, Colonel VICTOR CAZALET. With him died General SIKORSKI, the Polish Prime Minister, and Brigadier WHITELEY, M.P. for Buckingham.

The House will miss the cheery busy-ness of VICTOR CAZALET, always so untiring in a good cause, and the unostentatious friendliness of Brigadier WHITELEY.

Count RACZYNSKI, the Polish Ambassador and Foreign Minister, sat in the Diplomats' Gallery to hear a nobly-phrased tribute to his dead chief by Mr. CHURCHILL. General SIKORSKI, said the Prime Minister, was a great Polish patriot and staunch ally. His death was one of the heaviest strokes the United Nations had sustained.

But—the Prime Minister's voice rose challengingly like the Reveille sounded after the Last Post—we should go on, and provide the General with the memorial he most would have wished: victory and the freeing of his beloved land, Poland.

And so the House turned resolutely to its normal routine and business.

Mr. RICHARD STOKES, who delights to spring surprises on the House, intervened with a modest (if a little acrid) request that the War Office should "agree with him for once" and admit that "total warriors" in the House should let the "real soldiers" have their bit of fun if they wanted to. This was a rebuke to what the House regarded as a particularly ungenerous inquiry by Mr. FRANCIS DOUGLAS about public expense (if any) incurred in June 4th celebrations in North Africa.

Mr. STOKES, who is so often cheered against by the House, scored a big cheer of approval by this shrewd remark.

Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister (back overnight from a long tour of the Middle Eastern theatres of war), announced that a High Court Judge is to hold an inquiry into the conduct of naval and military places of detention. This, too, the House warmly approved, for M.P.s of all Parties are as wholeheartedly opposed to the home-bred bully as to those Made in Germany. If he exists, they want him rooted out, and it was apparent from Sir JAMES's demeanour

but The Kilt? Or, as he sternly put it, was it wise "to economize in cloth—and destroy the spirit of a nation"? Quite hurt about it, he was. The House merely smiled—rather loudly.

Major HENDERSON claimed that there was no evidence that those flashing, dashing heroes, the Army's dispatch-riders, travel too fast. Whereupon, Sir WILLIAM DAVISON, who inclines to the stark realism of statistics, asked whether it was not a fact that, at one time, ninety per cent. of the fleet D.R.s were in hospital. And Captain CUNNINGHAM-REID quietly inquired whether, in this speedy war, speed was not everything, the race for victory going to the swift.

Mr. EDEN having announced that the British Government would do its part to give effect to the schemes of the Hot Springs Conference on food supplies for the war-torn countries, the House went on to talk about forestry.

The Forestry Commissioners—one of whom, Mr. DAVID QUIBELL, delivered a speech of astonishing erudition and forest-lore—have a plan to plant 5,000,000 acres of forests in Britain and thus to provide one-third of our normal needs in timber.

It was at times an old-fashioned political debate, with Conservatives reminding the "Hon. Members opposite" of what KEIR HARDIE had said in the year dot—or thereabouts. Mr. HECTOR McNEIL, whose Labour soul does not take lightly such blasphemies, retorted (on the lines of legal pleadings) that he did not admit that the words had been used by his client, Mr. KEIR HARDIE, but that if they had they must have been true in substance and in fact at that time, before the nation had suffered twenty years of the Forestry Commissioners.

Mr. GERALD PALMER, who so rarely speaks because he is of that silent tribe, the Parliamentary Private Secretaries, delivered an address on woodlands that was almost poetic in its neatness and point. He has woods of his own; if he tends them as he does his speeches, they must be model woods.

After that the contribution of Sir WILLIAM JOWITT, Minister Without Portfolio, seemed flat and unexciting, and the House accepted the plan to restore the green of noble trees to England's pleasant land—not to mention Scotland's and Wales's.

Wednesday, July 7th.—The Commons welcomed back two popular Members to-day: Sir HARRY ("Mr. Punch") FILDES (that great teller of droll stories), after a longish illness, and Major-General SPEARS, who has been



WILD SPIRIT OF THE WOODS

SIR GEORGE COURTHOPE

(After a terra-cotta in the British Museum)

that the inquiry will be both deep and searching.

Major ARTHUR HENDERSON, Financial Secretary to the War Office, continued his non-stop question-answering marathon, and cheerfully ploughed a lone furrow through half the day's list of queries.

Mr. ARTHUR WOODBURN, a Scot of the Scots, burned with indignation about the fact that the Scottish Home Guards are "deprived of the kilt." Members who thought he was revealing some super hardening-course for the brawny Scots, soon discovered that the troops thus deprived had the covering of ordinary battle-dress.

But how, demanded Mr. WOODBURN fiercely (and in effect) could a patriotic Scottish heart beat beneath anything



“... and your Identity Card?”

serving as Britain's diplomatic representative in Syria—no sinecure.

Colonel OLIVER STANLEY, Colonial Secretary, announced that Malta, G.C., the hero-island, is to have a large measure of self-government as soon as possible after the war. This was received with loud cheers, which grew in volume as Colonel Stanley went on to say that the little island had rendered services of incalculable value to the Allied cause. In due time the people of Malta will be consulted about the form the self-government shall take.

Commander BOWER, who is known in the House as “Malta's son-in-law” because he married a daughter of Lord STRICKLAND, a former Prime Minister of the island, expressed the view that Malta would be delighted with the Minister's announcement.

At which the House cheered again—for that is precisely the effect desired. Nothing is too good for Malta.

Question-time to-day was on strictly non-exciting lines.

That queer little anti-Press feeling that is never far beneath the surface in the Commons (although, curiously, not in the Lords) peeped out at

the end of questions. Mr. GEORGE BUCHANAN (of all people!) complained that some enterprising journalist had forecast the Government's decisions on Service pensions before they had been announced formally to the House—contrary to the Statute and the peace of the Back-Benchers.

Lord WINTERTON (whose affection for the Press is apt to waver) and Mr. RICHARD STOKES (who has not much any time) joined in the chase, but Mr. EDEN, who is both wise and astute in these matters, admitted nothing, merely saying the House should not jump to conclusions. When the statement was completed, said Mr. EDEN, it would be made to Parliament.

Then the House went on to talk about the Finance Bill again. There appears to be always something new (or newish) to be said about money, and all of it was said—together with a great deal that was not new—on this occasion.

Thursday, July 8th.—Mr. EDEN rather surprisingly let anti-Press feeling peep out to-day. Defending himself against a charge of dilatoriness in the production of some policy statement, he said: “I want the information

given to the House—and not to the Press.”

The House appeared to find these sentiments to its liking.

Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL (who has been known to write Press articles) and Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN (himself by way of being a Press lord, if a very minor one) joined in the game of biting the hand that had (occasionally) fed them. And Mr. RUPERT DE LA BERE concurred. Your scribe seems to recall that there have been complaints that the Press does not give enough space to Parliament. Strange!

Then there was a not-very-enlightening debate on our Secret Weapon—economic warfare. The passion for keeping information from the Press continued into this debate. So this report closes.

o o

“Mr. Hawkins is a self-evident expert or he would not have discovered that the partridge is the viper we have clasped to our bosom so long. As a bird of prey he has few equals!”—*Letter in “Weekly Scotsman.”*

Do you mean Mr. Hawkins or the viper?

Second Flight

Wednesday.

FOR our second flight we propose to fly the Atlantic. At least we did so propose, some weeks ago. We have now almost given up the ambitious design.

It seems months since we had our first farewell party. It was then understood that we were to pop across the Atlantic in about four days; and the farewells were pretty moving. Then the voyage was postponed for a few days—well, that is putting it a little too clearly: what they actually said was that latest indications tended to suggest that the date of departure was not likely to be earlier than Friday. So, since a good many good friends had missed the first farewell party, it seemed only right to have another farewell party.

The farewells were again pretty moving, though not perhaps *quite* so shattering as before. A certain incredulity had set in.

And then, of course, besides the second (main) farewell party there have been one or two unmeditated minor farewell parties. Going about the town shopping, buying the new hat, and trying to buy the new razor-blade, one runs into chaps who have not heard before that one is about to fly the Atlantic. The interest, the emotion (if any), are fresh and unspoiled: and if geographical and other conditions are favourable a farewell party atmosphere tends to develop very easily.

Then there are clubs. It would seem churlish not to drop in and tell the chaps that any day now you may be flying the Atlantic. Naturally they like to give you a bit of a send-off. Well, they do the first time. After two or three little commemorative assemblies of this kind they tend to drop into their old apathetic habits of mind. Many become completely and coldly indifferent to one's future movements.

At the moment, we confess, we have an uneasy feeling that very few of the citizens care much now whether we fly the Atlantic, the Pacific, or the Red and White Seas. Even our poor family are beginning to weaken. On the last day or two they like to feed you up a bit. After all, in a very few hours you may be rolling on a raft in mid-ocean without food. They fill up the flask. They give you the last egg.

We have now had the last egg three times. Yesterday we even broke into the flask.

But why, you may say, all this backing and filling? Why don't we go? We cannot tell you. Nobody tells us. That is one of the things about the air, it seems. When a ship does not sail after all (which is a rare thing) they tell you why. The propeller has fallen off or the channel is mined. But the Air is mysterious and determined to make us feel small. We have not the faintest notion why we did not fly the Atlantic yesterday. The weather, we suggest. People then point out coldly that yesterday was an exceptionally fine day. Little do they know, poor fools, what the weather was like the other side of the Atlantic—or even half-way. But nor do we. The King, we see, has gone to Africa. Maybe he pinched our plane. Maybe our propeller has fallen off. Nobody tells us.

Why fly at all, you say irritably? Ah, but look at the time we save! If we started to-day we should be there to-morrow. A ship takes many days. The ship in which our friends departed took several days. It is true that she departed *x* weeks ago. It is true that they have been there for *x* days. But look at the time we are saving.

Later. However, forget all this. For to-morrow we are really off. For the first time we have been actually ordered to parade at the station. This evening we cracked the last bottle. We have spent a jolly day packing for the last time. That, by the way, is another good thing about travel by air. You can only take forty-four pounds of luggage with you. Our poor friends who went by that slow ship could take what they liked. But look at the time we save!

Forty-four pounds sounds quite a lot: but it isn't. Not for two months in a strange land, two thousand miles away. When you have packed a couple of suits and a few shirts there seems to be plenty of room left. But when you begin to add the oddments, the small things that are *really* necessary, they mount up alarmingly. Our boots weigh three pounds. Our shoes two. We will wear the boots.

Books are heavy, especially Blue Books. The Royal Commission's Report weighs a ton. But we *must* take that. A friend has given us a farewell bottle of whisky, having

heard that our destination is dry. We had better take that. But the bottle of whisky and the Royal Commission's Report together take the scale to forty pounds. And our handbag weighs three pounds empty. We will unpack everything and start again. So passes merrily our Last Day in England. But never mind. We are really off. We will have a farewell tot. No, we can't. It is packed.

Friday.

We left the old home about dawn—or so it seemed. All the family and household dutifully rose to see us go. This time we forbore from the last egg because they said it was a special train and we should breakfast on it. Most gratifying. Nothing like travel by Air.

At the station they said that the train would not leave for an hour. Even this did not daunt us. We had our luggage unofficially weighed and found that it was about eleven pounds overweight. Even then we smiled happily. If necessary, we would present the bottle of whisky and the Royal Commission's Report to the weighing-machine men and all would be well. We were off.

Then They announced—or rather it leaked out—that the whole expedition was postponed for twenty-four hours. We were to go home. Nobody said why.

So here we are, back in the old home. The family, who had crept back to bed, did their best to be delighted to see us again.

We have spent the whole day cowering in the home. We dare not go to any of our clubs. We dare not go out at all. When we went out to post a letter at least three people cried indignantly "I thought you'd GONE!" We feel that we do not "belong" here. We have a strange sensation of not being really here at all.

Anyhow, we can pack again. We have taken everything out and put everything back again except *War and Peace*, spare torch-batteries, one pair trousers, the bottle of whisky, and the Report of the Royal Commission.

Forty-four pounds exactly!

We are really off to-morrow.

A. P. H.

Impending Apology

"Mr. — has accepted the post of organist. An extension of the graveyard has become necessary a year before expected."

Diocesan Gazette

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Frolics

"THE LISBON STORY" (HIPPODROME)
 "CLAUDIA" REVISITED (ST. MARTIN'S)

CAN it be that the musical play has had its innings at last? The immediate answer must obviously be—not while Mr. NOVELLO stays in his timeless heyday! *The Dancing Years* will doubtless be succeeded by further successes with titles like *The Romancing Months*, *The Glancing Weeks*, *The Prancing Hours* and *The Advancing Minutes*. But leaving aside consideration of *The Lisbon Story* for a moment, the rivals of *The Dancing Years* are mainly revivals, like those of *Show Boat* and *The Merry Widow*. The other musical shows are revues, more or less spectacular.

Let us be nostalgic—since everybody willingly consents to be nostalgic these days—and see what was happening in this line in London in the July of the fourth year of the last war. We had *The Boy* at the Adelphi, *The Bing Boys on Broadway* at the Alhambra, *Soldier Boy* at the Apollo ("worth half-a-dozen revues," said *The Times*), *The Maid of the Mountains* at Daly's, *The Lilac Domino* at the Empire, *Going Up* at the Gaiety, *Yes, Uncle* at the Shaftesbury, and *Chu Chin Chow* at His Majesty's. It is a rich list compared with our meagre offering of two new musical plays and two old ones. Note, too, that in the July of 1918 there were only twenty-seven London theatres open, whereas in the July of 1943 there are thirty-four. Is musical comedy, therefore, in a decline? We can at least safely say that it is dwindling and changing.

The Lisbon Story, for example, is so unfrolicsome in essence that it might almost be called musical melodrama. It has a current sensational plot of the kind with which Mr. GEORGE BLACK has lately shown a liking for alarming us at the Hippodrome. We go nowadays to that theatre with some pleasurable fear of being shot in our stall, and some previous hesitation as to whether or not we should put on a vest of chain-mail. But this time the revolver-shots are aimed chiefly at the

heroine, who dies in the middle of the stage by the fell hand of a Nazi count. She had been a French actress exiled at Lisbon, where she sang for charity and the general benefit of some picturesque Portuguese peasantry. And she had bravely gone back to Paris, pretending to a true artist's unconcern for political frontiers, but secretly planning to effect the escape of an ancient scientist from a concentration camp. Worlds away from your Irresponsible Boys and Mountainous Maids? Yes, indeed.

Fortunately the audiences at *The Lisbon Story* do not take it quite so

from the Polish Ballet, show their versatility in a Portuguese fandango which makes us dizzy even in the watching, since they swirl round and round so often and so rapidly that we lost count at the one-hundred-and-fortieth revolution. There is also some effective singing, despite a prevailing lack of good tunes or pointed lyrics. Cause and effect are doubtless highly complicated in this business. Does the public prefer its musical-comedy inane as to words, and with tunes which are the musical equivalent of over-sweetened nut-milk chocolate? Whether the answer to this be Yes or

No, it does seem a fact that the snappiest songs these days are thought up by song-makers who do not compose musical comedies. These can even achieve verbal ingenuity. We heard an office-boy the other day blithely singing quite a heartening ditty with these words:

"Do you recall
 That lovely wal-
 Tz, that twilight waltz
 - with me?"

This rhyming scheme may or may not be consciously borrowed from Lewis Carroll's:

"Who would not give all
 else for twop-
 Ennyworth only of
 Beautiful Soup?"

But it is a fresh and engaging dodge in a jaded world. And our musical comedy stands rather sadly in need of similar enterprise and invention.

In *Claudia*, the persistently successful light comedy at the St. Martin's which is the present war's equivalent of *Peg o' My*

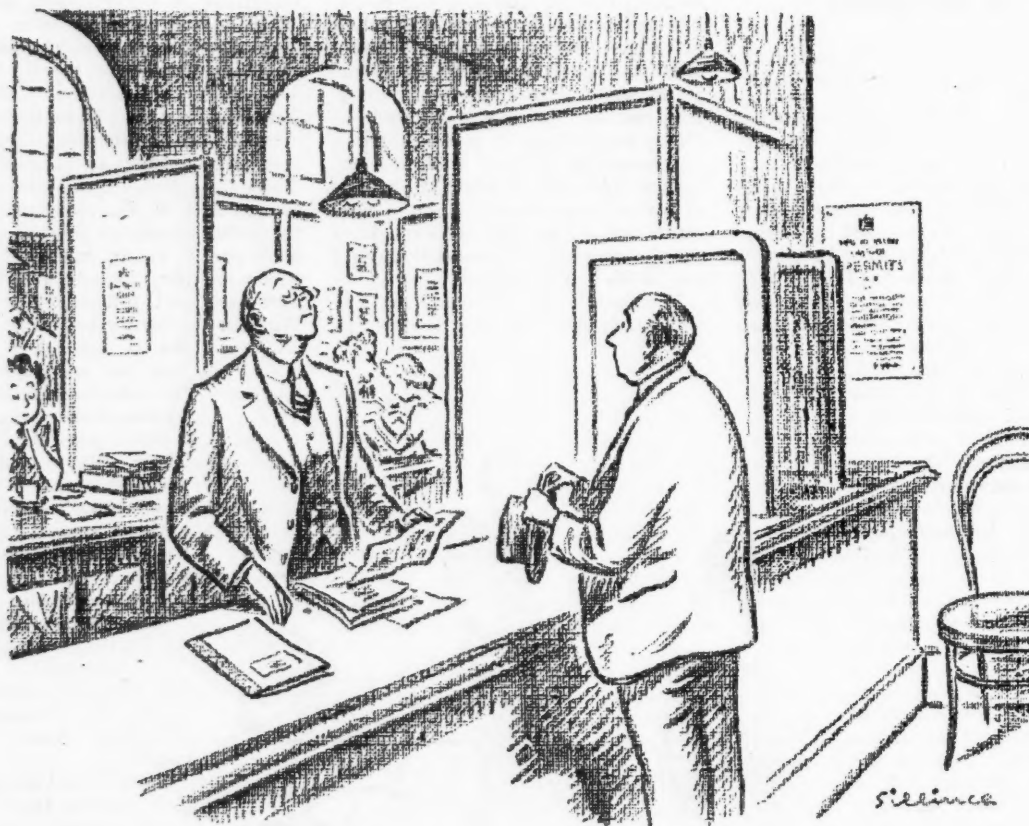
Heart, Miss PAMELA BROWN has just been succeeded in the name-part by Miss JOYCE REDMAN. It would be insincere politeness to pretend that Miss REDMAN is as dead-right for the day-dreaming little wife as Miss BROWN was. The latter's gracility of figure greatly helped, whereas Miss REDMAN is what the Scots call *sonsie* and the French call *potelee*. But *Shadow and Substance* proved that Miss REDMAN can act, and there is never any danger of her letting *Claudia* down. Mr. HUGH SINCLAIR's performance as the husband remains a miracle of unobtrusive tact and poise. Few things on the stage are more difficult to achieve than an appearance of perfect ease. A. D.



FRAULEIN TALKING THROUGH HER HAT IS.

Gabrielle Girard MISS PATRICIA BURKE
 Carl von Schriener MR. ALBERT LIEVEN

seriously as it takes itself. The first-night audience, at least, did not. It genially hissed every appearance of the Swastika, and it was gravely impressed only by an elaborate, pretentious, and beautifully dressed ballet. This was arranged by Miss WENDY TOYE and appeared to us to be a sublimated version of "There Was I Waiting at the Church," except that the sexes were slightly readjusted, and it was all very mediæval. Miss PATRICIA BURKE, who plays the French actress, is pretty and appealing and tuneful enough to keep *The Lisbon Story* interesting. Mr. ALBERT LIEVEN is an impressive and sickeningly handsome Nazi. And HALAMA and KONARSKI,



"We can't consider your application for a permit unless you can produce a permit to apply for a permit."

After the Show

"WHAT heaven to see you, my dear, but *heaven!* Now, tell me, truly now, did you like the play? I adore it, of course, adore it to death. I want you to tell me *just* what you think."

"I think it's a lovely play. Your scene in the—"

"Do move that horrid wet white and sit down. I *knew* you'd adore it. Isn't it lovely? Don't you adore Peggy Amorest in the scene with the letter?"

"Let me see—"

"You *must* remember the scene with the letter. Kneeling in the corner, piecing the letter together."

"Oh, is that what she was doing in the corner? I wasn't quite sure. . . . I was sitting rather . . . she's a very lovely girl. . . ."

"Sweet, my dear, perfectly sweet. But *such* a fool. Eric told her a hundred times. 'Peggy darling,' he used to say at rehearsals—'the audience must know that you're piecing the letter together. Show them the *pieces*, scatter them about like snow—*anything!*' But there you are, she won't be told. The result is that when Arthur comes on from the French windows—I think Arthur is divine, don't you?"

"Er—is he the—?"

"Arthur d'Albini. Plays the husband - back - from - the - dead, you know."

"Oh, yes—with rather an unusual voice."

"Isn't that voice *excruciating*? 'Half an octave too high, Arthur,' Eric used

to say. He was so patient, poor dear—Eric, I mean. And so you have to be, to produce plays with people like d'Albini in them. He is one of those actors who positively *resist* production. He gets sulky, and his inflexions get more and more coloratura. George Mayburn simply can't play the breakfast scene with him for laughing."

"Is George Mayburn the one who shows his teeth rather a lot sometimes?"

"Sometimes, my dear? But *all* the time! Eric just gave up at rehearsals. 'George,' he used to say—you look like a *horse*.' Now I remember George when he had his own teeth. Years and years ago, when he played Algy to my Cecily, his smile was exquisite, but *exquisite!* Poor dear, he'll *never* believe

that it isn't the same. And he will go on making those odd faces."

"I must say he was quite amusing in the quarrel scene with his sister—"

"Oh, my dear! What a performance of Clarice Westerman's! I wonder Eric didn't lose his reason with her. She would insist that the quarrel scene was comedy. Eric used to say, 'Clarice, my love—your husband's a bankrupt, your son's in prison, your daughter is having a most tiresome affair. What is there to laugh at?' But no. Miss Westerman knew best. And that Betty Crytchley is almost as bad, though of course she can't even act. Never will until she finds out that a dancing girl of twenty-odd has still a little to learn about the theatre."

"I thought her moonlight scene with the boy rather moving."

"But that's the writing, don't you see, dear. Anybody not actually repulsive could be moving in it. But she ruins even that by dragging at the curtains so. 'Calm down, dear,' Eric said—and don't drag at the curtains.' But she paid not the least attention to London's most experienced producer.

Her artistic integrity, dear—her own words, believe it or not—dictated that she should drag at the curtains. Twice in the first week her artistic integrity dictated that she should drag them down off the batten—but right down."

"I thought she looked rather too flushed in the moonlight scene."

"Do you know . . . we have a madman on the switchboard. But a madman. Never once has the lighting in that scene been as plotted at the Dress. Last Thursday it was an amber flood, dear, if you can believe that. To-night it was an orange spot—following the girl about the stage! As I said to Margaret Purdy—what's the use of having a producer if everyone in the company does exactly as he pleases? Of course, I think that Eric ought to take a stronger line with people. I didn't say so to Margaret, but—well, did you see her exit in Act Two, Scene One? She gabbles a line that nobody hears—not even me, dear, and I am on the stage at the time, after all—and suddenly rushes off, waving that shred of chiffon! 'There's a pause,' Eric said, over and over again.

'You say the line, straight out front, then you pause. Then you turn up and go off, quite slowly.' But no. She gabbles and rushes, waving chiffon."

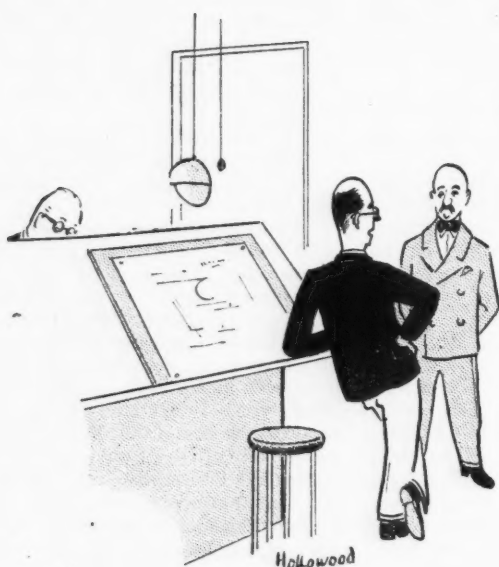
"I feel a little sorry for Eric. He seems—"

"Oh, yes, I know. It's always 'pity the poor producer'—but Eric, after all, is a very bad producer. Take that last exit of mine—"

"I thought you played it—"

"I know. You thought I played it beautifully. And so does everybody else—except Eric. If you had only seen what Eric wanted me to do with it! If I hadn't had the intelligence to play it as I did, the whole play would have been killed dead, but stone dead. Mind you, I wasn't stupid, like Amorest, or truculent, like d'Albini; and nobody can say I was ever a selfish actress like Purdy, nor am I quite mad, like that lamentable electrician. No. I rehearsed it as Eric wanted it . . . but I played it as I knew it had to be! And I think I can say—you know me too well to misunderstand me—I think I can say that I was the salvation of a lovely, lovely play. But the salvation!"





"At the moment we're working on designs for a bijou bomber suitable as a Savings target for the smaller rural districts."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

An Anglo-Irish Veteran

APART from the title (*No Great Shakes*. An Autobiography. By Lieut.-Colonel CHARLES O. HEAD. HALE, 12/6) there is a pleasing lack of diffidence in these reminiscences. The author makes no concessions to the democratic sentiment of the modern world, and those who are too earnest to enjoy his book for its lively human interest can treat it as a valuable social document. A member of what was once the ruling caste in Ireland, and an officer in the British Army, Colonel HEAD has no doubts, except about the character and intelligence of those who differ from him, and no regrets, except for the amenities which a troubled age has destroyed.

The son of an Anglo-Irish landowner, Colonel HEAD was born in Tipperary in 1869, and after passing through Woolwich spent some years as a young gunner officer in Devonshire and Ireland. "No doubt," he writes of his stay at Exeter, "it would now be thought that we were a pack of young snobs." Apart from a few of the cathedral dignitaries, he says, he and his brother officers visited only the county families, retired officers dotted over the countryside, and such village parsons as were vouched for socially by the landed gentry. Hunting, racing and polo-playing took up most of his time, and his reply to any taxpayer who may protest is that his pay as a lieutenant was fairly earned, if viewed as a retaining fee to someone who might at any moment be required for active service or sent to some pestilential climate at the other end of the world. In due course he had plenty of experience both of active service and of pestilential climates. He was in China during the Boxer rebellion, and is both amusing and interesting about the German contingent, which he

disliked, and the Russian, by whose all-embracing notions of hospitality he was somewhat taken aback. In India, where he spent some years, he was struck by the excellence of British rule, but the Army authorities in Simla annoyed him by their captious attitude towards one of his junior officers, who while clearing a native bazaar of dogs accidentally added an old woman to his tale of victims. During the last war Colonel HEAD served in France, but his hopes of a peaceful old age on his Irish estate were disappointed, his house was burnt down, and he had to make a new one in Shropshire. If the author does not see life whole, he does at least see it steadily, from his own standpoint, and one cannot but admire the uncompromising simplicity of his tribute to the Black and Tans—"Smart, clean-looking young fellows to whom my instincts and sympathy were freely extended."

H. K.

The Tragedy of Greece

From 1824, when Byron died at Missolonghi, to 1923, when Tariff Reform turned its back on Greek currants, English relations with Greece steadily worsened. Germany became Greece's best customer; and Greece's defeat of Italy in 1940 was rendered harder at the time, and subsequently almost negated, by her pathetic effort to avoid antagonizing the Hun. What did emerge, however, from the debacle of 1941 was a superb recrudescence of Anglo-Greek friendship, a profounder appreciation of Germany's perfidy, and a hitch in Hitler's time-table which made all the difference in the world to the destinies of Russia and ourselves. The Axis invasions of Greece, with their historical setting and all the detail at present available to the Greek Government in England, are the burden of Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S *Wind of Freedom* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 15/-). For its knowledge, its sympathy, its historical acumen and its discerning use of such out-of-the-way material as the delightful letters of an anonymous English gunner, the book is all that can be desired. Its weakness is a constant over-emphasis of contumely in handling the villains of the piece. Surely the conduct of inter-war politics—like that of Germany at war—carries its own condemnation?

H. P. E.

Growing Human

People who are sentimental about children have bad memories. They have forgotten themselves as children. At thirty-seven one is the same person as at seven, and it must be rare for anyone to think of himself in the past as "a dear little boy." Looking back, one may judge now that the child was on the whole naughty or serious or promising or lonely: and that is all. There is no sentimental emotion about it. *Within the City Wall* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 6/-) is written with this natural dispassionate candour. Mrs. MARGARET MANN PHILLIP recalls *Twist* at twelve, *Twist* in a city rectory in York during six or seven months in 1918. It is Easter, it is summer, it is autumn again, with the harvest festival and the feeling, noticeable even to a child, of the war hurrying on to the end at last. *Twist* is in the procession that beats the parish bounds; she kneels by her window on a cold night to honour the marching troops; she writes a long and only half-romantic story of York in the past. Her notebook bears witness to the confusion of her interests: scraps of fairy tales, verses after the Lake poets, grandiose comments on the war news (especially on the entry of America), unfinished ironical stories. That was part of one world. The other comprised the parishioners, the baker and the chemist, the Sunday-school picnic outside the city, the alms-folk, Zouaves collecting for the Red Cross, *Twist's* own family.

And suddenly, though her childish tastes continued, *Twist* became, as Mrs. PHILLIP puts it, "a human being": she understood that if the war went on her brother would be swept into it. In short the memoir is discerning as well as most attractive.

J. S.

Good News for the Kitchen

The mental agility and practical resource of Mr. AMBROSE HEATH have never been more gratefully exhibited than in the almost simultaneous publication of two cookery-books which manage to glorify the tin-opener without wholly discrediting the vitamin. This Blondinesque feat of balance is not performed to the same extent in both volumes. Naturally *Good Dishes from Tinned Foods* (FABER, 3/6) is not primarily concerned with what our sagacious grandmothers termed "goodness": whereas *Good Cheese Dishes* (FABER, 3/6) suggests not only fare that is appetising but fare that, as they say in the country, "stays by you." Mr. HEATH, however, improves canned delicacies out of all knowledge by the addition of fresh ingredients: tinned peas, for instance, taking on their French accompaniments of lettuce, fat of some sort, shredded onion and sugar. His exhaustive list of what you can get in tins—from cockles to paw-paw—is a barmecide reverie nowadays; but this, with much that is more practicable, is taken over from his *Open Sesame* of 1939. There are ten recipes for corned beef; so the hard facts of life are not shirked. The cheese volume is homelier, more inventive, more artistic. It boasts a proud assortment of welsh rabbits, five versions of potted cheese, and sixteen admirable soups.

H. P. E.

Front Seat for Revolution

An American woman journalist could have good hunting in Roumania in 1940-41 if she stayed at the country's one best hotel, was willing to be friendly to all and sundry, and could develop a spice of mischief to liven her conversation. R. G. WALDECK, who writes *Athene Palace: Bucharest* (CONSTABLE, 9/-) in so intimate a way that one only wants a portrait to complete acquaintance, had all these qualifications. One of her amusements was to watch the reaction of well-bred Germans when she sprang on them the secret of her non-Aryan descent, for the hotel reeked of spies and spying and the Nazis were panic-stricken lest they should have been compromised—all except one old Prussian general of rank high enough to scorn the rules made for lesser folk. With him she was able cheerfully to discuss the fallacies of Hitlerism or the probability of American intervention. In Bucharest she saw the fall of King Carol—whom any modern press-man could have saved with a little timely publicity; the upheaval that put the Iron Guard in power; the Antonescu coup that put it out again; the loss of all the territory won in the last war; and the marching in of the Germans. She stood on the very edge of horrible massacre in the "nights of long knives," and watched the capital tottering in an earthquake more impressive than human frightfulness. She brings to life the hard blue skies, frivolous temper and erotic atmosphere of the Roumanian scene, and describes the boasted diplomacy of the Huns as a muddling-through without fixed policy from one blunder to the next.

C. C. P.

America and the English

The aim of *Meet the Americans* (MARTIN SECKER AND WARBURG, 7/6), which is by an anonymous Englishman who calls himself The Man in the Street, is to explain Britain to America and America to Britain. "If," he writes, "these two great peoples like each other, respect each

other, and are willing to join hands in peace as well as in war, then their influence for good in the world will be unprecedented." On the whole, the last thirty years have shown that the political relations between countries determine the emotional, not the other way about. Fifty years ago the Germans were our Teutonic cousins, twenty-five years ago the French were our Latin cousins, and so on. However, a desire of knowledge, as Johnson said, is the natural feeling of mankind, and there is a good deal to be learnt both by Englishmen and Americans from this book. To the average untravelled American, whose notions are gathered from fiction and the cinema, there are, the author says, three types of Englishmen, the cold aloof aristocrat who "touches on the raw the American's latent inferiority complex," the Cockney humourist, whose humour the American does not understand, and the silly ass of whom, especially as presented by P. G. Wodehouse, the American is very fond. Since the war the somewhat unfavourable character of this composite impression has been deepened by the B.B.C. short-wave war-news broadcasts, the tone of which has struck the Americans as languid and unreal, especially in the period after Dunkirk, when the half-hour pianoforte recitals which followed the news seemed very much beside the point on the other side of the Atlantic. Generally speaking, the author thinks, the first-hand impressions of England gathered by the Americans now with us have modified their preconceptions to our advantage. England is too crowded for their taste, Englishmen seem to lack cordiality, the climate is oppressively damp, there are not enough bathrooms, the food, except for the meat, is unattractive, and the coffee undrinkable. But they have been struck by our politeness, they find English girls more feminine and sympathetic than American, though superficially less attractive, they like our underground system, and they are enchanted by our fresh green countryside. That the future relations of Great Britain and the United States will be much affected by these favourable and unfavourable impressions seems unlikely, but they are humanly interesting even if not politically significant.

H. K.

Malta's Cross

Tattered Battlements (PETER DAVIES, 7/6), A Malta Diary, written by a Fighter Pilot, is a magnificent book. It may seem ungracious on the part of a reader, called by words to watch for one hour only the sometimes single-handed and always heavily outnumbered combats between our few (in those days) fighters and the flocks of Nazi bombers that "popped out of holes in the sky" above Malta or broke formation to dive on their targets "like children sliding down a banister," to say that it is exhausting, but no other word is justified. The author tells a tale of such hot and cold courage against both odds and weariness as can, one hopes, never have been equalled. He begins, after comparing men of the air with those of the sea (here he sweeps too hard in the statement that the former are slow-thinking), in March 1942 and ends, after being seriously wounded, in May of the same year with a great understatement—"It had not, perhaps, been entirely in vain." No words in this packed diary are wasted. Fight after fight is described in a few paragraphs, but every sentence tells—"Don't like the way the number of hits that I receive is increasing. The first time it was two strikes . . . now twenty something—there's no future in it." There is no space to quote more of the breathless reading, but the book should be read and digested until the bitter lesson taught by the bitter price paid by our scantily-equipped few is learned by the many.

B. E. B.



"What's the good if it can't stop kids falling in the sea?"

Balletomane

YES, I am one. Films have their fans, drugs their addicts, music and dogs their lovers, but we of the ballet are "manes."

Mad about it, rapt, inspired—you understand? Ballet with us isn't just another diversion, a hobby, but a way of life. We think, drink, eat, walk and talk ballet. Wherever there is movement there's ballet.

That waiter, now, who slides towards me on castors, balancing two plates of soup, one of which he will inevitably pour down my neck: he's ballet.

That man on the street-corner telling his dog again and again to go home.

That girl looking back at the hole in her stocking (non-existent, of course).

That cat stalking the pigeons.

That matchbox, bought when nobody was looking, with each match signifying a cigarette, each cigarette an encounter . . .

All ballet. Wherever one looks the dance goes on. Yet there was a time—not so very long ago—when, like you perhaps, I just didn't see it, when I was a stockbroker.

It amazes me, looking back at those office days. Golf, then, and the 2.30 were the only things—but there's no time to go into that. My conversion, too, we'll pass by. Enough to say that I am now a balletomane to the toe-tips; and not one of your stage-struck either, but a creator. Hardly a week goes by but I make a new ballet. Last week I made *Dance of the Riveters* and *Prunes*. You'll be seeing those. I made *Nebuchadnezzar* (remember the grass

fairies who sprang up to choke him?) and *Ne Pas Se Pencher En Dehors* and *King Willow* and *Dipsomania* and *Mothering Sunday* and *Gandhi* and *Dancing Without Tears*. These represent (though I say it) a notable addition to the cadre of ballet. No one can say I've been afraid of life.

But lately—I hardly know why—I've been studying books. Great books, I mean, that aren't afraid of life. And they are full of ballet too.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,

The mother of months in meadow or plain

Fills the shadows and windy places

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain . . .

Don't you just see them—the hounds, I mean—and winter in his greatcoat coming out of a wood, and the mother of months, who dances, in a slowly changing light, through the seasons? And what form better than ballet can express "lisp" and "ripple"? Homage to Swinburne!

Not that he is the only, or even the chief, forerunner. There are—what should I call them?—inklings everywhere. The great Fitzgerald, in a poem we all know:

*A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and
Thou*

*Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
O Paradise were Wilderness enow!*

That little *scena* takes shape beautifully as one reads.

O Paradise were Wilderness enow!

I'm sorry, in copying that out I've made a little mistake.

The line, of course, *should* read:

O Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Great poetry and—dare I venture?—greater ballet.

I spent a glorious afternoon recently with the *Oxford Book of English Verse* spread on my knees, and every poem—yes, literally every poem in that immortal collection—dancing off the page and into life. So that I hardly knew, clutching at my poor head (we are only the instruments of Terpsichore), where to begin. *We Are Seven*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *The City of Dreadful Night* and *Poe's Raven*, for a start. Then my dear friend Lady Muriel, out of her wonderful library at Reading, has lent me wonderful books that shout for balletic performance: Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, *Paradise Lost*, *The Shropshire Lad*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *War and Peace*, *Moby Dick*, *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal* (Defoe), *The Idiot*, *Lolly Willowses*, *Rasselas* (Dr. Johnson), *The Ego and the Id* (Dr. Freud).

The last may give you a start of surprise. How, you may ask, could this possibly be put on a stage? Quite easily, as it happens, for Dr. Freud's exposition of the psychological conflict in our lives provides all the clues for balletic drama. "The Ego," says the great doctor, "stands for reason and circumspection, while the Id stands for the untamed passions. . . . One might compare the relation of the Ego to the Id with that between a rider and his horse." There you are, then, rider and horse have mounted the stage already (two dancers, of course, for

horse); and wherever rider goes, horse must go too, but horse has a will of his own. Sometimes, for example, when rider wants to go to the movies, horse will shake his head and say, "No, I'm sick of movies, I want to go for a ride on top of a tram," and he'll be off before rider can stop him. There's a certain playfulness in their relations which ballet would bring out. Horse has a little dog called Libido, always running off after things; and "every movement" of rider or Ego "is watched by the severe Super-Ego"; who will sit in a stage box like a foreign diplomat, but all alone with his decorations and his look of severity. Inhibitions, Symptoms and Dream-thoughts will provide the *corps de ballet* with plenty of opportunity for *divertissements*. The wit, the architecture of ballet are implicit in everything Freud wrote.

I grow a little technical, I'm afraid, in my terms, but my purpose is to show how the most intractable material, regarded rather more closely, will yield those patterns for which the balletomane is always seeking. My Freudian ballet will be called *Centaur*, and will be as Greek as I can make it. Music by Rachmaninoff.

To illustrate further the scope of this new and astonishing art, in which all the arts are resumed, let me tell about the two ballets I am working on at the moment. The first is Hopkins's *Wreck of the Deutschland*, an ode commemorating the drowning at sea of five exiled Franciscan nuns. Do you know the story of this fine and difficult poem? There is a great storm, perhaps the greatest storm in literature; the boat carrying its saintly cargo runs on a sandbank; and in "the hurling and horrible airs," with mountain waves washing over the decks, panic grips the crew. Men bellow, women wail, children scream, when they are suddenly stilled by another voice—"the call of the tall nun" (Robert Helpmann) "to the men in the tops and the tackle rode over the storm's brawling." This should be one of the most memorable scenes in ballet.

My other ballet, by contrast, is taken from the Russian classic *Oblomov*, in which the hero, so representative of the old Russia, finds it impossible ever to get out of bed. After two hundred pages of the novel (which you will find in Everyman Library—read it, it's delightful), after all this time, I say, the hero is still in bed, half-asleep and half-awake, wondering when and how to get up. Snowing outside. Yesterday's breakfast on the table. Cobwebs festoon the pictures on the walls, and a book has grown dusty at its opened

page. An energetic friend blows in, but Oblomov only shivers deeper down into the sheets. So it goes on, with more callers who would beckon the sluggard back to life.

Now, a hero who can't get out of bed may seem a bad choice for ballet in which the feet, with their lovely *entrechoquements* and *passe-partout*, play a vital part. Not so, however. Oblomov's supineness, so far from being deterrent, provides the choreographer with a problem and a stimulus. Oblomov will never leave the huge bed in the middle of the stage: what, then, is to be done? Why, his arms, his lips, his very eyebrows, will dance! The Indian dancers who visit London from time to time have shown the way here, for nearly all their elaborate movements are carried out by the head and arms. My Oblomov, therefore, stretching and groaning and relapsing into a torpor, will express himself in a similar technique of the upper limbs. The yawn with which the ballet begins will be prodigious. The audience will be amazed; and after a while they won't be able to keep from yawning too.

There is no end to these ideas of mine. The Beveridge Plan, though not altogether my dish of tea, is an obvious subject for the coming season, and I will make a present of the choreography I've sketched out to anyone who will approach it with the necessary equipment of economics and balletics. There is no reason why ballet, in these days especially, should disdain instruction and even propaganda among its aims. A *Dig for Victory* ballet could do useful work, and could be full of dainty fun. And better than the little verses in buses and tubes, telling us how to hail a vehicle and pass along and use our handkerchiefs, would be a ballet on similar lines.

There is ballet, in fact, as I hope I have been able to show, in everything, and everything in ballet.

o o

Impending Apology

"On Thursday Junior Commandant —, A.T.S., 'put it over' for the A.T.S. I have not the slightest doubt that anyone who listened to her thought of joining any other Service."—*Cheltenham Paper*.

o o

The Retroactive Mine

"The 18,000 ton German liner 'Gneisenau' struck a mine in the Baltic at the end of April and was beached and is now lying on her side, said the Air Ministry to-day, Thursday. This is the result of the laying of hundreds of mines by the R.A.F. between May 2nd and 23rd."—*Newfoundland Paper*.

More Collected Essays of J. Pope Clugston

INEQUALITY

IN the Better World I trust that litigation will be reformed along with everything else. Cross-examination, for instance, is so unfair. The barrister is a professional at mixing people up, whereas the witness is only an amateur at telling the truth.

DEFINITIONS

The Editor of *Punch* may imagine that no more remains to be said about potatoes. If so, he errs. There remains to be quoted Gunter's *Confectioner's Oracle*, written by W. Gunter in 1830, which says, under the heading "Potatoes": "Do not fancy, most delicate reader, that I intend a dissertation upon the Irish root under this title." No, what W. Gunter means when he says potatoes is truffles. The truffle, he goes on to say, exerts both a physical and moral influence, though the only instance he gives is its property of exciting hilarity. I myself have never felt more than normally hilarious after eating truffles, but it is possible that the waiters always thought I meant potatoes when I said truffles and served me with the wrong

stuff. And in any event, I am not so delicate or sensitive as W. Gunter. I do have my own little whims about words, though, just as he had. When I say tripe and onions, most delicate reader, I always mean chicken and asparagus . . . put through a sieve, of course, and cooked in a kind of loaf.

THIS MEANS YOU, BUT NOT YOU

Although the war has cut down somewhat on the advertisements which keep telling us "You Can Write!" they still keep cropping up here and there. In the Better World the Government (and other bodies equally beneficent) will protect us against such statements with another series of advertisements telling us "You Can't Write!" Anyone who is attracted by these announcements will be able to take a short course of easy lessons which will prove to him beyond a doubt that his talent for not writing was lying hidden within his subconscious all these years and merely needed to be brought out by skilled instruction.

GOOD SPORTS

A good sport, I always say, is the chap who lets you take the longest turn at being a poor sport. Though of course it all depends, doesn't it? (So many things do these days.) When three chaps want to play bridge and

the fourth doesn't, it is far more sporting of the three to abandon the game than for the fourth to give in. It is exactly three times as sporting. (Opportunity here for a pun on the Forth Bridge. Abandoned to save paper.)

CONVERSATION

If there is one thing that is absolutely uninteresting, it is having people tell you what they *thought* you said, ha ha. You say "I have lost my pipe," and they say "Oh, *pipe*. Do you know what I thought you said? I thought you said you had lost your *tripe*!" Then they laugh according to taste and you are supposed to join in. This is the dullest form of conversation known to man. I once thought that the best way of dealing with this menace was to misunderstand them in turn. You say "You thought I said I had lost my *tripe*? Oh, *tripe*. Ha, ha. I thought you said *snipe*." But this only works with the more sensitive souls. The rest laugh all the harder and you get nowhere. A better plan is to pretend that you really did say what they pretend they thought you said. "You *thought* I said tripe? Well, what else *did* I say? Of course I said tripe, you half-wit. Are you going deaf?" This puzzles them. There is no laughter. Sometimes, indeed, there is a blessed stillness.

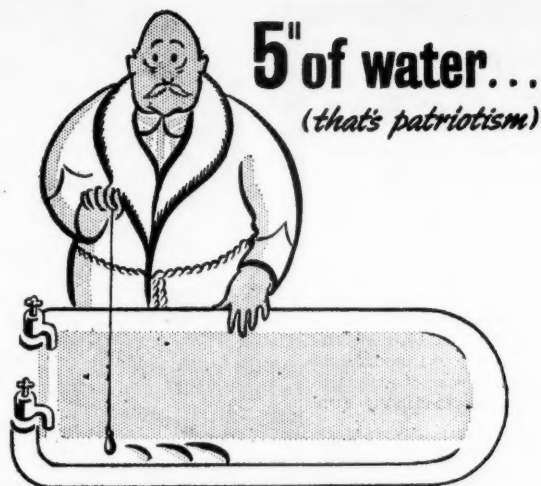


"And now, ladies and gentlemen, having done my best to entertain you, may I ask you to give me your attention for five minutes while I explain quite briefly how each one of you can join in his or her local Salvage Drive, and thus help the National War Effort."

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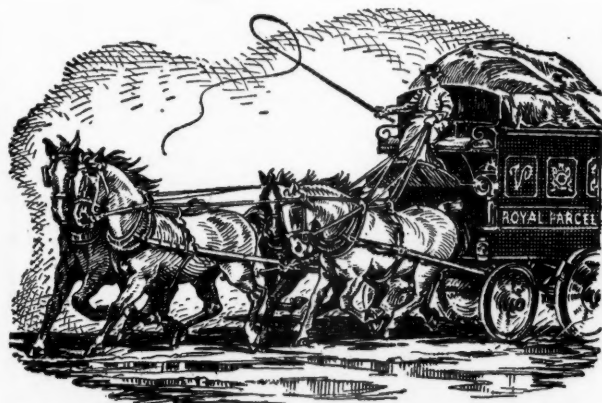
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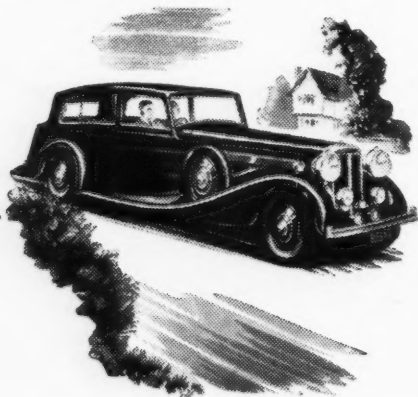
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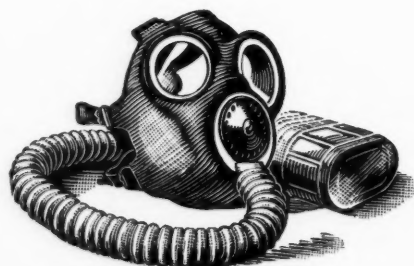


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